

HOW TO SELL BOOKS.

EMBRYONIC AGENTS INITIATED INTO THE MYSTERIES.

A School in Which Ambitious Book Peddlers Are Taught to Interest the Elusive and Officious Abusive Customer—Lessons in Eloquence.

It is doubtful if many of the people so constantly bothered by the perennial book agent know that the patient, glib individual who rattles off the stereotyped address the instant the door is opened to him or her has studied and practiced his oration so carefully as the prima donna does her aria or the elocutionist his recitation. Such is the fact nevertheless, and stranger still, there are several places in town where regular classes for the training of canvassers are held, and where they learn to declaim their patter with what the instruction circulars given them call "dramatic effect."

The writer went yesterday to visit a friend whose office is in a certain great building down town and found his door closed and decorated with a "gone to lunch" sign. While she impatiently patrolled the corridor waiting for him to return she heard queer sounds proceeding from a door at the other end and staid her steps to listen.

"I have here, ladies and gentlemen," said a pleasant voice with very perfect intonation, "a most wonderful book—one which you will never get a chance to buy again. Splendid illustrations, good type, perfect binding; it is indeed a gem (here a dramatic pause), and the price is only \$3.75."

For about 10 minutes longer the voice continued to talk rapidly in the same strain, and then after a moment's silence some one else took up the parable.

"Stop!" cried the first voice, "you can do better than that."

The second voice began again, and after several more failures carried it to a successful termination.

"Next!" was called, and the performance commenced again with a trembling, quavering apology for a voice trying to carry the burden.

The door of the room from which the voices came was of frosted glass, of course, but the letters forming the name of the company were clear, so applying her eye to the largest capital the writer obtained a coveted look into the mysterious chamber.

Seated along the side opposite the door were about 20 people of both sexes and nearly every grade of social life, from the pert young maiden fresh from the school to the tired teacher anxious to make a living during the summer months, and the caustic matron who had failed in all the other ways of working possible to him.

In front of them stood the owner of the pleasant voice, a tall, good looking fellow of 30 or thereabouts, and as each member of the class in turn recited the foregoing he reproved, commended and encouraged them. Occasionally one would be told to study the circuit more thoroughly, and after listening to the others try again, and sometimes the instructor would remark:

"That'll do. You're all right."

Every pupil seemed to be in dead earnest, and one or two clung to their prospectus with a frantic grip born of despair. Some recited with great boldness and confidence, others blushed and stammered, and for each and all the leader had an encouraging word.

Later, her business outside completed the writer boldly entered the book company's room and stated her desire to see some of the people who advertised for agents. A courteous gentleman showed her several books, gave terms and advised her as to her selection.

"Most young ladies do better in the business offices," he said, "but you, I think, had better keep to the houses and deal with ladies. (The writer is not gifted with personal beauty.) As to experience, you study this little booklet and practice on some friend or relative," and beckoning to the class leader he turned the seeker after information over to him.

"I think you would make a good canvasser," this gentleman remarked cheerfully as a beginning. "Your manner is pleasant, and your hands are small and pretty; besides I am a good judge of character, and I know you possess determination."

"But I have no experience," she suggested, "and I don't know how to get it. Shall I go into the business on the hit or miss plan and try to gain it?"

"Oh, by no means," smiled her listener. "You could not do worse. You study the circular we give you and then come down here, and we'll help you. You shall try to sell us a book, and we will try to sell you one."

"Oh, do you have a regular class?" exclaimed the writer impulsively and as it proved very unwisely, for her adviser gave her a keen look and ceased talking. Evidently that class was a trade secret, not to be parted with until the sure of the agent. Hastily collecting a lot of circular pamphlets and letters of "advice to agents" the suddenly silent man crammed them into the outside pocket of the supposed employment seeker's satchel, and advising her to read them all carefully before selecting a book to solicit for bade her a brief "good morning" and returned to his desk.

"And truly those little booklets made funny reading. Some of them had a strong family resemblance to that famous old recipe for cooking a hare which began, 'First catch your hare.' Between the covers of those 'instructions' were found directions for everything in the way of canvassing, from the best manner in which to attract the attention of a probable buyer, excite his curiosity and leave it still unsatisfied, down to such minor points as 'keep your linen clean and your shoes always bright and freshly blacked.' 'Baths frequently and be sure your breath is sweet and your teeth clean,' and 'if you cleave to baccho do so in private and rinse your mouth afterward.'"

The prospective book agent was instructed how to get into the best houses, how to stay there when once inside, how to acquire the admiration of ladies and how to use any personal magnetism he might possess. The ladies were told how to dress so as to command the best and most respectful attention, and one and all were repeatedly urged to "come to the office when ready to start, and we will give you final instructions, which may be worth millions (immense capitals) to you."

This last bit of advice might be good to follow in case one really wanted to adopt the calling of lady book agent, but it will be a cold day when the writer goes there again, and she subjects to think what might happen should that pleasant, insouciant class leader (who, according to the advertisement of his firm, treats all beginners with "fatherly kindness") discover that his carefully guarded secret has become common property. —Chicago Tribune.

WRITES LETTERS BACKWARD.

The Peculiar Accomplishment of a Pittsburg Citizen.

Did you ever see a person begin writing a letter at the last period and then write backward and finish up at the beginning? That's what Carl Maier can do without the least exertion. It seems just as easy for him to remember the words and letters of a sentence in reversed order as it is for the ordinary person to remember them in their regular order. It is an easy matter for him to think backward, and what is more astonishing he writes upside down. The letters are all inverted as he looks at them when writing. And again, in performing this feat, which one thinks would require all the power and attention of his brain, he is not disturbed by carrying on a conversation with you, no matter how foreign the subject may be.

Maier's performance would make one almost believe the theory recently promulgated by a scientist that we have "double barreled brains." If you repeat a sentence to Maier, no matter how long it may be, after hearing it once he will commence and write the sentence verbatim, starting at the last letter of the last word and finishing it through to the first letter of the first word. It seems to be natural to him to invert his mind in his work, for he never falters or stops to think, but writes as rapidly as a person writing in the ordinary way.

"I acquired this in a peculiar manner," said Maier. "While I was a clerk in a grocery store in Saxony I was an ambitious sort of a boy and always wanted to do everything different from every person else. When the customers came to me for their bill, I would place the billhead in an inverted position in front of me and make the bill out backward as I have written for you. I came very nearly being prosecuted for practicing witchcraft. Many people assigned this power to the witches. Then the spiritualists came to me and told me I was controlled by a wonderful mind. Although I couldn't explain it by any other theory than that it was a concentration of my mind, I at last persuaded them that there was nothing supernatural in it."

"I am not able to perform the feats I used to when I was younger. I am getting old now, and my memory is not so good as it used to be. My eyesight is pretty near gone. I can't see very much. In looking at you I see it is a form and know that you are a human being because you speak to me, but I couldn't see my writing if I didn't use a blue pencil. It seems to be the only color that I am able to see. That's the reason I use it all the time."

The old man started to write a long sentence which was given him. When he began, he said: "While I am writing this I want you to talk to me, for it seems to make my work easier. You need not be afraid of annoying me. I could be writing a discussion on theology and at the same time carry on a conversation with you on the financial situation, and it wouldn't worry me at all." —Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Confession From Miss Wilkins.

Mary E. Wilkins "fesses up" to the following story about her youthful days: When Miss Wilkins was a young girl, she was invited to a party, and she yearned with a great yearning for a blue sash to adorn herself for the occasion. But her mother thought differently, and Mary was obliged to content herself with a blue ribbon tied around her waist. But another little girl was more lucky and appeared in the full glory of a wide blue sash. Miss Wilkins at once took all the life out of that other little girl by telling her, in a superior way, that sashes were all, oh, all out of style, and ribbons were the only garniture a self respecting waist would acknowledge. Miss Wilkins characterizes this conduct of hers as "a piece of cattishness" and professes repentance. —Exchange.

Excursion Trips In America.

America is a big country, and they do things in a big way. When an insular British association meets at Edinburgh or Warwick, the members confine themselves to such reasonable excursions as Roelin or the Forth bridge, Stratford or Kenilworth. But the American Institute of Mechanical Engineers, which seems to have its home in New York, readily accepted the hospitable invitation of San Francisco. The mere going and returning involved a direct journey of 6,000 miles, but by way of agreeable interlude and the lightening of scientific labors many of the invited guests took a casual northern trip to Alaska. —London Saturday Review.

Hard Money.

Two burglars broke into the house of a merchant who was generally considered to be very rich. After herculean efforts they managed to open the safe, but who can describe their disappointment when they found that it was empty and all their labor in vain? At that moment the master of the house, awakened by the noise, appeared on the scene. For a moment all three stood there as if turned into stone. The merchant was the first to come to himself. "Gentlemen," he said, "let us all maintain a discreet silence over this incident, and now permit me to show you to the door." —Sofienblazen.

THE ENGLISH GIRLS.

DUTIES THAT DEVOLVE ON MOST HEADS OF HOUSEHOLDS.

The English Shopgirl and Her Social Position—Traded Young Women in the West—Titles and How Their Actions May Affect Poorer Girls.

There are tourists and tourists. Some will come home and be able to tell only that they have seen the Alps and been to Paris, while others will have "done" London in a day, and as an English lady wonderfully narrated of one such American who had performed the feat "got a wonderfully clever idea of it at that." Nevertheless the most persistent and observant tourist would find it a herculean task to penetrate into the English home unless furnished with exceptional letters of introduction or possessed of exceptionally fascinating manners and exceptionally rare advantages of meeting people who are exceptionally unprejudiced.

"An Englishman's house is his castle" is a phrase familiar to us all, but to those unfamiliar with the social life of these islands the full force of the saying is lost. For the noble lady who graciously accepts American hospitality on this side of the water and then forgets to extend an invitation for a return visit to the slovenly wife of the green grocer who slams the door of her back parlor when she enters the shop to serve a customer, the privacy of the home is jealously guarded.

Novelists have introduced us to the dreary rooms of the great and the shabby rooms of the humble, but a discreet silence has been maintained concerning the households of the shopkeepers, and it may be remembered that England is a nation of shopkeepers. So, after all, the stranger forms an idyllic conception of the English home, which, while it may flatter the English and satisfy those who never learn to the contrary, by no means represents the true state of affairs.

It may be well before entering further upon the subject to explain exactly what is meant by a shopkeeper. The term has a double meaning. It may refer to a shopkeeper, that is, a person who is engaged in the sale of goods, or it may refer to a tradesman, "petty" or otherwise. A shop girl is not a factory hand; neither is she a saleslady. Her highest title is that conferred upon her by act of parliament in recent enactments, "shop assistant."

These "young persons" lead very different lives from those of similar position in this country. In the first place, for the most part they leave home and live in the house of their employer. This is of course a survival of the old apprentice system. Even in warehouses it is quite common for those learning the business to live "in-doors," and many prosperous tradesmen hold their homes for their shops and offices in rooms fitted not for family comfort, but for the idea of accommodating a small army of assistants.

The kitchens and larders of such establishments resemble those of our hotels. When it is remembered that the tradesman's wife has to superintend such a household, the life of an American boarding house keeper looms up as elegant leisure in comparison with her lot, not to mention that the American woman has the handling of money, whereas the tradesman's wife receives no reward save the consciousness of having done her duty. Men who have incomes ranging as high as \$10,000 a year do not employ housekeepers, but employ households of 20 or more strangers upon their wives. These "young people" have to be lodged, fed and in many cases trained, and the mistress must see that no waste takes place in any direction; that the health and morals of her charges are carefully guarded, and that a conscientious woman who frequently performs the duties of nurse in serious illness for those who are far from home or who have no home save that of their employer.

It would seem impossible with the strict surveillance to which all those in respectable houses are subjected for serious evil to creep in, but there are and tragedies occasionally taking place in these vast households which only show that the gentle, red cheeked English girl is no stronger morally than her American sister, who has more freedom, but possibly no greater temptation.

Much has been said and written about titled ladies going into trade, and recent articles in the English press declare that the daughters of professional men are now entering west end establishments and taking their places behind the counters and in the workrooms. All this tells a sad story to those who read between the lines.

While we admire the pluck and energy of a woman who puts herself behind the counter, it is not to be taken for granted that the daughters of professional men are now entering west end establishments and taking their places behind the counters and in the workrooms. All this tells a sad story to those who read between the lines.

We, as Americans, must rejoice that England is fast becoming a republic. Nevertheless, those of us who know the feudal system only through poem and romance, who have never suffered from the tyranny arising from the survival of the fittest, and who see in the lord, the lord owns the knight, the knight the squire, and so on, down to the peasant, may be permitted one little sigh over the loss of good workmen.

As a rejoinder to England's becoming a republic, that the rights of the individual are more and more recognized. But while we look at the rapidly dissolving forms of olden times, would it not be well to bear in mind that well developed systems, as well as human beings, have in them some germ of good workmanship?

We are rubbing up the old traditions and polishing the worn crenellations of our ancestors because they have a beauty no modern work can attain. Surely, then, it would be no degradation to us to adopt the gentle courtesy toward those who serve us—such as the English shopgirl receives to this day from even chance customers. Surely it would be no confession of inferiority for the shopgirl—we beg pardon, the saleslady—to learn that neatness and avoidance of display are the dictates of good taste and good sense even though they chance to be the rules of an employer. Surely it would be well for employers to feel some responsibility for the afternoons in the life of their employees. Some do. "May their titles increase" on both sides of the Atlantic. —New York Times.

No Foreigners In America.

For over a century no foreign organized forces for war have marched in New York streets until the uniformed crews of all nations paraded on the 28th of April through the streets of the metropolis, cheered at every step on their way by admiring thousands. It was a spectacle to bring tears to the eyes, and makes one confident of the coming of the golden age of fraternity. But the most striking thing about this parade, as also it was in the mustered crews on shipboard the preceding day, was that there was no nationality on display in this country which we have no abundant types in this country with which we are perfectly familiar. The tars who marched, whatever their features or complexion, whatever flag they carried, could find their own kind among the admiring throng that cheered them.

It could not have seemed to them like a march in a foreign country—rather as if they were coming home. They saluted, to be sure, the American flag, they were cheered by the American people, yet under that flag are all the nations of the earth in the great republic. No new people were created for our experiment. Only a new spirit, we hope, came into the world, which is strong enough to transform all who come under its influence. Yes, it was a splendid parade, and it included the world. To us, we may say, nothing is foreign.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harpers.

Truthfulness and Simplicity. The ability to tell a good, durable lie seems to be very rare indeed. This was amply demonstrated in the run on New York banks, when only such depositors as had immediate and pressing need for money were accommodated without the 60 day notice provided for by law. People who were going to Europe in the afternoon had no idea of what steamer they would take, and mentioned at random vessels that would not sail for a fortnight. Others were going to bury relatives, but could not remember the name of the importunate undertaker who insisted upon payment in advance. Still others wanted to invest in saloons and grocery stores which they stammeringly located on sites occupied by well known hotels or great dry goods marts. The exhibition was a most gratifying one to that sort of moralist willing to find satisfaction in the fact that people are really not from scrupulousness, but from stupidity.—Kate Field's Washington.

Observing the Rules.

The visitor at Chicago's chance was seated at a table in one of the high priced restaurants on the exposition grounds thinking of various things as he read over the bill of fare and observed the prices.

"By thunder!" he exclaimed to the waiter, "haven't you got any conscience at all in this place?"

"Beg pardon," replied the haughty waiter.

"Haven't you any conscience—conscience—conscience? Don't you understand?"

The waiter picked up the bill of fare and began looking it over.

"I don't know if we have or not," he said. "If we have, it's on the bill. If we ain't, you've got to pay extra for it. Them's the rules, sir."—Detroit Free Press.

Advertisement for Cottolene, featuring a list of names and a small illustration of a woman.

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Advertisement for Bald Heads! Skookum Root Hair Grower, featuring an illustration of a man's head and a bottle of the product.

Advertisement for T. J. KRESS, HOUSE PAINTING, PAPER HANGING, etc.

Advertisement for Geo. Fendrich, CASH MARKET, Best meat and free delivery.

Advertisement for David McKillop, Steam Wood Saw, Leave orders at Salem Improvement Co.

Advertisement for PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS CARDS, listing various services and names.

Advertisement for F. H. D'ARCY, GEO. O. BINGHAM, D. D'ARCY & BINGHAM, Attorneys at Law.

Advertisement for R. F. BOISE, Attorney at Law, Salem, Oregon.

Advertisement for TULLOCH FORD, Attorney at Law, Salem, Oregon.

Advertisement for H. J. BIGGER, Attorney at Law, Salem, Oregon.

Advertisement for J. SHAW, M. W. HUNT, Attorneys at Law, Salem, Oregon.

Advertisement for JOHN A. CARSON, Attorney at Law, rooms 3 and 4, Bush bank building, Salem, Ore.

Advertisement for B. F. BONHAM, W. H. HOLMES, BONHAM & HOLMES, Attorneys at Law, Office on Commercial street, between State and Court, on Commercial street.

Advertisement for M. E. POGUE, Monographer and Typewriter, Best equipped typewriter office in Oregon.

Advertisement for YELLA SHERMAN, Typewriter and Commercial stenography, room 11, Gray block, First-class work. Rates reasonable.

Advertisement for D. H. A. DAVIS, Late Post Graduate of New York, gives special attention to the diseases of women and children, nose, throat, lungs, kidneys, skin diseases and surgery.

Advertisement for W. S. GOTT, PHARMACEUTICAL AND SURGEON, Office 210 Commercial street, 2d floor, block, Residence 70 Commercial street.

Advertisement for C. C. BISHOP, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, S. Geo. Office, Murphy block; residence, 24 Commercial street.

Advertisement for D. H. T. C. SMITH, Dentist, 20 State street, Salem, Oregon. Finished dental operations of every description. Painless operations a specialty.

Advertisement for D. H. CLARA M. DAVIDSON, graduate of Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, Office, Bush-Heywood block, Salem, Oregon.

Advertisement for W. D. FUGH, Architect, plans, specifications and supervision for all building, office 230 Commercial street, up stairs.

Advertisement for PROTECTION LODGE NO. 2, A. O. U. W., Meets in their hall in State Insurance Building, every Wednesday evening, 7:30 to 9:30 p. m. A. W. DENNIS, M. W. J. A. BELWOOD, Recorder.

Advertisement for UNION PACIFIC THROUGH TICKETS, SALT LAKE, DENVER, OMAHA, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, EASTERN CITIES.

Advertisement for 3 1/2 DAYS TO CHICAGO, Hours the Quickest to Chicago and the East. Hours Quicker to Omaha and Kansas City.

Advertisement for Hair Death, Instantly removes and forever destroys objectionable hair, whether on the hands, face or neck, without discoloration or injury to the most delicate skin.

Advertisement for P. J. LARSEN & CO., Manufacturer of Wagons, Carriages, etc., Repairing a Specialty, Shop 21 State street.

Advertisement for Bald Heads! Skookum Root Hair Grower, featuring an illustration of a man's head and a bottle of the product.

Advertisement for Screen Doors, Morley & Winstanley, Shop 216 High street.

Advertisement for I. L. ASHBY, Meat Market, 308 Commercial street. Good meats, Prompt delivery.

Advertisement for David McKillop, Steam Wood Saw, Leave orders at Salem Improvement Co.

Advertisement for PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS CARDS, listing various services and names.

Advertisement for J. H. HAAS, THE WATCHMAKER, 215 1/2 Commercial St., Salem, Oregon.

Advertisement for Smith Premier Typewriter, Sold on easy payments. For Rent W. I. STALEY, Agent, Salem.

Advertisement for H. N. BURPHE, Gen'l Agent, 101 Third St. Portland, Send for catalogue.

Advertisement for W. L. DOUGLAS, \$3 SHOE NOT N.P., Do you wear them? Wear not in need by a job. Best in the world.

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Advertisement for Electric Lights, On Meter System, TO CONSUMERS: The Electric Light and Power Company at great expense have equipped their Electric Light plant with the most modern apparatus and are able to offer the public a better light than any system, and at a rate lower than any city on the coast.

Advertisement for Fresh News-Papers-Fruits-and Candles, J. L. BENNETT & SON, P. O. Block.

Advertisement for JOHN C. MARTIN, Horseshoeing, BLACKSMITHING, State Street, Salem.

Advertisement for T. W. THORNBURG, The Upholsterer, Remodels, re-covers and repairs upholstered furniture. First-class work. Chemists street. State Insurance block.

Advertisement for The Yacolina Route, OREGON PACIFIC R. R., And Oregon Development company's steamship line, 255 miles shorter, 20 hours less time than by any other route. First class through passenger and freight train from Portland and all points in the Willamette valley to and from San Francisco.

Advertisement for THE WATCHMAKER, 215 1/2 Commercial St., Salem, Oregon. Specialty of Spectacles, and repairing Clocks, Watches and Jewelry.

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